

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

The sun looks over a little hill,
And floods the valley with gold—
A torrent of gold ;
The hither fields are green and still ;
Westward a cloud outrolled
Is glowing molten and bright ;
And soon the hill and the valley and all,
With a quiet fall,
Shall be gathered into the night :
And yet a moment more,
Out of the silent wood,
As if from the closing door
Of another world and another holier mood,
Hear'st thou the hermit pour—
So sweet ! so magical !—
His golden music, ghostly beautiful ?

Archibald Lampman

Shall shoot this house of clay,

